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AN
Original Canto
OF
SPENCER:

Design'd as Part of his FAIRY QUEEN, but never Printed.

Now made Publick,
By NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Ficta Voluptatis causa sint proxima Veris. Hor.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON;

Printed for JAMES ROBERTS near the Oxford-Arms in *Warwick-Lane*. M.DCC.XIV. (Price 6 *d.*)

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THE PREFACE

I Am not insensible with what Reason the following Piece of Spencer's will be suspected to be spurious, if a true and fair Account be not first given of it. I am therefore to inform the Reader, that my Great Grandfather, Sir Caleb Ironside, was a Schoolfellow and intimate Acquaintance of Mr. Spencer's. There are Traditions in the Family of many concurring Circumstances that very much tend to the Confirmation of this Assertion: As, that the Poet communicated all his Writings to Sir Caleb, before he made them Publick; whether out of Compliment to an old Friend, or because he thought his Judgment really good, I can't say. It is further said, that the Author, out of Raillery, us'd to call him Talus; there being some Affinity of the Name of the one to the Person of the other.

Upon rummaging my Father's Study, after his Death (I remember I was then but of two Years standing in the University) among other Family-Reliques, I found several Sonnets and Pastorals, written by Sir Caleb; one of which describes a Summer's Evening prettily enough, where Spencer is introduc'd under the Title of Colin, walking and talking with him upon the Banks of the Mulla

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in Ireland; *near which, a conſiderable Part of the Eſtate of the* Ironſides *then lay. One Stanza of which Paſtoral runs thus:*

See, gentle *Colin*, Silver *Mulla* weeps,
And wets the dewy Shore when you lament;
And eke her plaining Stream in ſilence ſleeps,
If you but ſmile her Pleaſure to augment:
Thy powerful Pipe, O lovely Shepherd's Boy,
Can tune inſenſate Floods to Grief or Joy.

From a duſty heap of this antiquated Poetry, I drew the following Canto; *which I found a little diſfigur'd with Interpolations and Amendments, all ſeeming to be written by the ſame Hand. At the end of it was written, in Sir* Caleb's *Hand*; This is my dear Friend and Schoole-fellow, *Munne Spencer's* own Hand-wryting; but never imprinted, becauſe not approved of by him, though I think it inferiour to none of his Allegories. *This Obſervation I my ſelf further made: on the Margin was written in a ſmall Character by the Author himſelf*; Memorandum, To relate Mother *Hubberd's* Tale in Verſe, if it pleaſeth God to recover me from my Fevor. *From whence I conclude, that this* Canto *was written in the Time of that Fever; and muſt therefore take the Liberty to diſſent from Sir* Caleb, *in averring that I think it inferiour to all his other Allegorical Writings: which doubtleſs was one Reaſon why the Author rejected it. Several Parts of it ſeem to be written with an unuſual Flatneſs, with a languid faint Spirit the Author at other times was a Stranger to: and ſeveral of the Alexandrines, at the Cloſe of the Stanza's, were undoubtedly breath'd out in the Height of a Phrenzy. But be that as it will, we may ſee by his differing*

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ring a little from the Thred of his Hiſtory as it now ſtands, that it could not be made a Part of it, though probably ſo deſign'd when firſt drawn. For though all the Perſons here mention'd, but one, are introduc'd by him ſomewhere or other, yet he never repreſents them under ſuch Circumſtances. It ſeems rather that he revers'd his firſt Deſign; for he has made Arthegall *to be enthrall'd by* Radigund, *who is ſet at liberty by* Britomart, *inform'd of his Captivity by* Talus: *and* Burbon *and* Flourdelis *are brought in, in the Eleventh* Canto *of the Fifth Book, as ſuing to* Arthegall *for Succour, after a very humble and peaceable manner. Why the Author chang'd his firſt Deſign, it is none of my Buſineſs to enqure.*

I need make no Apology for publiſhing and obliging the World with any thing written by ſo celebrated a Perſon as England's *Arch-Poet* Spencer; *though I foreſee how ill it will be reliſhed in this Age, where the Stile will be thought obſolete, and the allegorical way of writing has been ſo long diſus'd. Who all the Perſons are he would have hinted at in thoſe Times, it is hard to tell; though the Vices which he aims at are very conſpicuous: nor is it improbable, but he might have it in his Mind to diſſuade Poſterity, by this Example, from ſuffering the Liberties of their Conſtitution to be infring'd by the pretended Zeal of inſinuating Traitors. God forbid we ſhould ever ſtand in need of ſuch a Precaution.*

I ſhall further inform the World, that among ſome Verſes made in praiſe of the Author, and publiſh'd at the end of his Works in the Edition I have, is a Copy ſubſcribed Hobynoll, *which I have by me in Sir* Caleb's *Hand, no doubt of his compoſing; who alſo ſeems to be introduc'd in his Paſtorals under that Title, as* Colin's *moſt intimate Friend. I muſt own, I was prevail'd upon with no ſmall*

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ſmall Importunity to make this Publick; but the Obligations I have to thoſe Gentlemen who perſuaded me to it, will more than excuſe me: I ſhall ſhortly, at their inſtances, and according to the Welcome this Piece of Antiquity meets with, publiſh the Poems of the Ironſides, *written upon divers Subjects, by Men of different Ages and Genius's; being perſuaded they will appear with no diſagreeable Confuſion in a Miſcellany. For you muſt know, all the* Ironſides *have had ſome ſmattering of Poetry more or leſs; or at leaſt have pretended to it. There the Reader ſhall be entertain'd with the faſhionable Flouriſhes of every Age, from the Ballad of* Sidrophel Ironſide, *in the Reign of* Henry the Fourth, *to the* Satyr *of* Neſtor Ironſide, *Eſq; in the Time of* Charles the Second.

I ſhall only aſſure the Reader, that what I have or ſhall publiſh, is done with a ſincere Deſign to inform and pleaſe him, who is at liberty to turn it to Inſtruction or Ridicule, as he thinks fit. Though I muſt warn him not to cenſure the preſent Fragment, unleſs he knows himſelf to be well acquainted with Spencer, *and his manner of writing: for whoever pretends to find fault before he can give his Reaſons for it, will ſhew either his Ill-Nature or Ignorance; and expoſe himſelf much more than his*

Humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

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A N

Original CANTO, &c.

Archimage *with his Hell-hounds foul*
Doth Britomart *enchain*:
Talus *doth ſeek out* Arthegall,
And tells him of her Pain.

1.

FAIR Liberty, bright Goddeſs, Heavenly-born,
So high eſteem'd by ev'ry living Wight;
O how depreſt with Thraldom and with Scorn
Are they who want thy kind refreſhing Light?
How, when we're baniſht from thy lovely Sight,
Sitting in Clouds of Darkneſs evermore,
Wrapt up in Errors of eternal Night,
Do we, with deep ſurrounding Sorrows ſore,
In vain our wretched State with diſmal Cries deplore?

2. In

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2.

In this ſad Plight behold fair *Britomart*,
Alas! we muſt awhile with-holden ſee
By that falſe *Archimago*'s cunning Art,
By whom fair *Una* could miſleaden be:
In vile Enchantments all excelled He,
And whoſoever dar'd him to oppoſe,
Soon fell, or ſwiftly did before him flee;
Or elſe to them he gave a magick Doſe,
By which they calmly ſlept, and ſildom more aroſe.

3.

This noble Maiden, whoſe avenging Spear
So many Tyrant Enemies had ſlain;
Whoſe very Name had fill'd all Hearts with Fear,
Whoſe very Sight had cauſed erſt much Pain,
In many a Caſtle fair, and many a Plain;
Of Life forlorn, or Liberty more ſweet,
Was now bereft, (O foul ignoble Stain!)
By one vile Caitiff whom too well I weet,
Ere he came near ſhe mote lay ſprauling at her Feet.

4. But

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4.

But ſhe with *Talus*, Groom to *Arthegall*,
In queſt of Fame was pacing on her Way;
Ne dreamt ſhe then of any Harm at all,
Nor ſaw from whom ſhe might expect a Fray:
When He, in ſhape of Palmer old and gray,
Diſſembling, her approacht; in his left Hand
He held an artificial Bough of Bay,
And in his right he wav'd a taper Wand,
While thus his cunning Speech in comely wize he ſcan'd.

5.

I humbly crave the Cauſe (ſaid he) fair Knight,
Why in this Land, where nought but Peace ſhould dwell,
You thus appear yclad in Armour bright,
Right fully bent ſome lufty Foe to quell,
When here are none but Friends that mean you well:
Let me advize to quit your fierce Intent,
And baniſh Diſcord to its native Hell;
Me here the Princes of this Land have ſent
To offer Terms of Peace and happy Agreement.

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6.

With modeſt Semblant thus he fram'd his Tong;
But *Britomartis* prudently foreſaw
That his diſſembled Words intended Wrong,
Lifting her into deadly Snares to draw;
And thus ſhe ſpoke in Words commanding Aw.
Full well I know what Peace is to be found
In *Paynim* Country, where withouten Law
Ungentle Knights by force of Arms are crown'd,
And exerciſe their baleful Tyranny around.

7.

By Breach of Publick Faith and guileful Art
Full many a noble Knight they have undone;
By crafty Sleight they ever play their Part,
But never ought by worthy Valour wone.
Theſe therefore (falſe old Man) muſt be my Fone;
On them I ſtrait-way will juſt Vengeance wreek,
On them, who Juſtice yet have ſhew'd to none;
Theſe are the Rebels which I ever ſeek,
With ſharpen'd Steel of my avenging Lance to ſtreek,

8. This

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8.

This ſaid, ſhe onward ſpur'd her mettled Steed,
And in her Reſt coucht well her glittring Spear,
And faithful *Talus*, her Commands to reed,
With yron Flail beſide her ran full near,
So that ſhe mought no living Mortal fear.
Whereat the *Carle* enrag'd now bolder grew,
His Magick Wand aloft he gan uprear,
And after her with ſecret Speed he flew,
And ſtroke her ſo, ah Gods! the Wound ſhe'l ever rew.

9.

For ſoon as ſhe th' enchaunting Touch did feel,
The Life-Blood faded in her youthful Cheek,
Her creſted Helm and Sword, of temper'd Steel,
Did into Thouſand Pieces crumbling break,
Ne could ſhe with her Tongue her Ailment ſpeak.
Down from her lofty Steed ſhe trembling fell,
And on the Earth's cold Boſom lay ſo meek,
Who erſt could Knights and ſturdy Giants quell,
Before this ſad Miſhap ſo ſodain her befell.

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10.

As when some purple Flowre bedecks the Fields,
With Gold enameld, interwove with Green,
Which through the Air its dewy Odours yields,
Fit to perfume the Bosom of some Queen;
(So fair a Flowre I trow is sildom seen:)
Yet, when the blasting Mildew's dreary Bane
With noisom Breath infects the Welkin sheen,
Its colourd Leaves no longer then remain,
But droop and fade away, and die along the Plain.

11.

So faded *Britomartis*, fairest Flowr;
Her ample Spear beside her useless lay,
Her foltring Spright in that accursed Hour
Was dampt with deadly Shame and sore Dismay:
Which cruel Sight did *Talus* quight affray,
And filld his Senses with Abashment great,
So that with eager Hast he fled away,
Ne stayed with that Villain *Ghosle* to treat,
Who tow'rd him came with angry Looks and bitter Threat.

12. Tho

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12.

Tho when he had the Virgin thus at will,
He ſeized firſt her Spear and Shield ſo bright;
Yet thus deſpoild of Arms he nould her kill,
Sith Death is ſweet to the enſlaved Wight,
Who with his Freedom foregoes all Delight:
In Bondage her he meaned for to keep,
That ſhe might make ſome Sport for *Paynim* Knight,
Who would rejoyce to ſee her wail and weep,
Empriſoned full cloſe in Dungeon dark and deep.

13.

The Trophies won in many a Battle fair
(Foul Sight to ſee!) the Villein undertrod,
And ſhore away her golden curled Hair
Beſeeming well to grace ſome heav'nly God:
Her dradded Plumes that whilom wont to nod,
And from her Creſt ſhone like the Ev'ning Star,
Languidly faded, ſtruk with that ſame Rod,
Whoſe influencing Vapours from afar
Shed Peſtilence, and all that ſeemed fair did mar.

14. With

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14.

With Witchcraft vild he then enwrapt her round
In magick Chains of many a mazie Fold,
And to a chalky Cliff faſt backward bound,
Expos'd to ſunny Heat and frory Cold;
Torment too bitter ever to be told.
Ah warlike Maid! who ſees thy ſad Eſtate
With Eyes that can from trickling Tears with-hold?
What hoſtile Breaſt ſo fraught with deadly Hate,
But muſt lament thy Lot, and pity thy hard Fate?

15.

Yet not content with this his cruel Deed,
The falſe Enchaunter aggravates her Pain
With taunting Words that make her Heart to bleed;
And thus he frames his Speech with light Diſdain:
Small need has Knight thus guarded to complain;
What Fear of Harm while I thus watchful ſtand?
Then baniſh from your Mind all Sorrows vain,
For by the Powr of this Almighty Wand,
I can approching Dangers far away command.

16. And

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16.

And as a Proof of this my Courteſie,
Which is not feignd, but real and moſt trew,
A truſty Legion ſhall be placed nie,
Of Courage ſtout, a goodly ſeeming Crew,
To reed your high Beheſts as is moſt dew.
With that a bugle Horn he ſtrait-way wound,
Whoſe ſhrilling Muſick through the Welkin flew,
So that remoteſt Parts mote hear the Sound,
Which through Hills, Vales and hollow Rocks went ecchoing round.

17.

Eftſoons an ugly and deformed Brood,
That with their hideous Yellings rent the Sky,
Forth iſſued ſwiftly from the neighbour Wood,
And round the captivd Nymph gan loudly cry;
Such Hell-hounds nere were ſeen by mortal Eye.
Some few like *Britiſh Bull-dogs* ſtern and ſtout,
But moſt like fawning *Spaniels* low did ly,
And meanly to the Wizard's Motions lout,
Performing what he would when ſo he caſt about.

18. Yet

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18.

Yet they not all obeyd his curſed Meed,
But on chaſt Innocence ſome Pity took;
Thoſe *Bull-dogs* ſtout of goodly *Britiſh* Breed
With Treachery ſo foul could never brook,
Ne bear on injur'd Goodneſs thus to look.
To free fair *Britomart* they fiercely ſtrove,
(Sith Vertue never is by all forſook)
And joyning all their Force in common Drove,
They vow'd her iron Chains and Fetters to remove.

19.

Which when the crafty *Archimago* ſaw,
Afraid leſt now his wretched Work ſhould fall,
He gins a new devized Scheme to draw,
And ties his Hounds in Couples ſeverall,
That he might ſtill be Soverain over all:
The gen'rous *Cur*, and *Spaniel* baſe of Blood,
Were linkt together in one ſervile Thrall,
That thoſe who ſtill his Meaning underſtood,
By hanging back might hinder Theſe from doing good.

20. Thoſe

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20.

Thoſe honeſt *Hounds* endeavour'd ſtill full fain
To work the forlorn Maiden's Liberty;
Striving with gnawing Teeth to wranch the Chain,
Which did her tender Limbs to th' Rock upty:
But theſe the baſer *Whelps* with yelling cry
Bet off; and ſtill as they approched near,
Perverſely drew their collar'd Necks awry,
So that they mought not ſee that Virgin dear,
Ne pity her ſad State, nor dread Complainings hear.

21.

For this their Office good, the Sorcerer
Forth from a Wallet which beſide him hung,
Threw many gobbet Offals of good Cheer,
Which they devour'd with Cries that loudly rung,
And wagg'd their Tails, and filled out their Tung:
Yet when his Bags of Carnage empty grew,
And to their greedy Jaws he all had flung,
The unjuſt Carle provokt the goodly Few,
Till from their inly Maw their Loads they did upſpew.

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22.

Which when the other *Hell-dogs* did eſpy,
With much fell Ravin and fierce Greedineſs,
They lapt up that ſame Filth that near did ly,
And rent and tore, and yell'd without Redreſs,
Joying they mote the others thus oppreſs:
And to aggrate their magick Lord the more,
Who much delighted in ſuch Wickedneſs,
They deaft their Ears with foul outrageous Rore,
And filthy Poiſon belcht, of which they had much Store.

23.

Thereat the others, mov'd with fell Deſpight,
Their noble Blood high-ſwelling in their Heart,
Would have ytorn the Sorcerer outright
For playing this ſo villeinous a Part,
At which for very Grief their Soul did ſmart:
Ne could the *Hell-dogs* ſtop their furious Heat,
Perdie 'nor *Archimago* with his Art;
For they impetuous grinn'd a ghaſtly Threat,
And with their ſharpen'd Fangs the Mongrils off did beat.

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24.

O now fair *Britomartis'* Sprite returns
With ſhining Glimpſe of Hope's reviving Light,
The purple Blood within her pale Cheeks burns;
Once more her Eyes ſhe opens ſparkling bright,
That erſt enſhadow'd lay in darkſome Night:
Swift-flying Joy oreſpreads her lovely Face,
When ſhe beheld that unexpected Sight,
And merry Tranſport with beſeeming Grace
Breaks forth; ſure Tokens of her great illuſtrious Race!

25.

Like as when *Phœbus*, crownd with golden Beams,
Through mirky Clouds that veil the Firmament,
His unreſiſted Fulgour brightly ſtreams,
And clears the Sky with Vapours overhent:
So the bright Flames that from her Eyes were ſent
Diſſpred a radiant Glory all around,
And eas'd the Pain of her ſad Captivement,
Who lay, with many a ſore and bitter ſtound,
Faſt lockt with iron Fetters to the ſtony Ground.

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26.

Ah hapleſs Maid! Fate's firm and fix'd Decree
Awhile withſtands thy growing Happineſs;
And who ſo ſtrong to conquer Deſtinee,
Or the Reſolves of Heaven to repreſs?
That wyly Man, who wrought thy Wretchedneſs,
Can ſtubborn Sprites and grieſly *Gorgons* tame;
Albe thy Proweſs far excells, nathleſs
If he his dark myſterious Charms but name,
Loud Storms roar through the Sky, and ſhake Earth's ſolid Frame.

27.

Soon as this Tumult had the Wizard ſaw,
Which like a ſwelling Torrent fiercely rold,
And great Deſtruction on him ſeem'd to draw;
Yet he undaunted ſtood and ever bold,
Counting them one by one their Number told;
To know how many did againſt him fight,
And eke how many with him ſeem'd to hold,
That he from thence mought work his Guiles aright,
And on th' Offenders execute his fell Deſpight.

28.

Muſing a-while with ſteddy ſerious Look,
He nodded to and fro in penſive Mood;
Then with his all-bewitching Staff he ſtrook
The hollow-ſounding Lay on which he ſtood;
The quaking Earth trembled full many a Rood.
Eftſoons, the Glebe dividing, there upſprung
Six Couple more of that ſame Mongril Brood,
Who proſtrate lickt his Feet with fawning Tong,
Then kennelled themſelves the other Pack emong.

29.

As when old *Nilus* with his fatning Wave,
Oreflows the fruitful Plains of *Egypt*'s Lond,
His ſlimy Streams the flowry Meadows lave,
Manuring als the dry and barren Sond
With Mud, that overſpreds the delug'd Strond:
Soon as the ebbing Stream ſinks down again,
Strange Births emong the teeming Clods are fond;
Unheard of Monſters fright the rural Swain,
And half-form'd Bodies rear their Heads above the Plain.

30. So

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30.

So this unlookt for Product quite affrayd
Th' avenging Spirit of that angry Crew,
And dampt the Hopes of the reviving Maid,
Whoſe Sorrows now afreſh gan to renew,
At this ſo dreadfull and aſtounding View:
For now the Magick Wight, with his baſe Herd,
Could all the reſt full eaſily ſubdew,
Ne to afflict them furiouſly he ſpar'd;
So that his threatfull Look and Rage by all was fear'd.

31.

Then with his Horn again he loudly ſung,
And blew the Sound aloft into the Air,
That Woods and lowly Dales full widely rung,
And many a Lake and many a River fair:
Eftſoons there forward came a comely Pair,
On ſtately pacing Courſers mounted high,
Who in their Gate Majeſtick Proweſs bare;
The Knight in *Paynim* Land bore Sovereinty,
The Lady was his Leman fair, and rode him by.

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32.

He was, I ween, the Great *Sir Burbon* hight,
Whom late fair *Britomartis* did defeat;
A bloody, murdrous and abhorred Knight,
Who All with Rage deſpighteous did entreat,
To riſe in Fame, and make his Empire great:
Him the falſe *Archimago* did enſhroud
(Fav'ring with wondrous Art his baſe Retreat)
Envelopt ſafe within a Sable Cloud,
Elſe had he ſcant appear'd ſo blythe and vainly proud.

33.

Yet ſhe, that valiant Maid, had firſt bereft
The Heatheniſh Tyrant of his blazon'd Shield,
And certes would his *Paynim* Skull have cleft,
Or made him with full low Obeyſance yield,
But that enſhrowded thus Fear wingy-heel'd
Him bore far off; ne durſt he venture more
Gainſt *Britomart* his Coward Sword to wield:
Who on his guilty Corſe had ſtruck full ſore,
And bath'd his brazen Arms in Streams of Purple Gore.

34. But

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34.

But at his Friend old *Archimago*'s Call,
He ſoon yode forth to ſeize the wonted Prey;
For well he wote ſome wretched Wight in Thrall,
He had entrapt on that ſame craggy way,
Withouten Blows, or Dint of bloody Fray:
Tho when he ſaw his lateſt dradded Foe,
On ſtony Rock diſarm'd and caſt aſtray,
For ſodain Joy his Fear he did foregoe,
And grenn'd aloud at *Britomart*'s heart-breaking Woe.

35.

Yet ſuch a Dread of his late bleeding Smart,
And foul Reproches ignominious Stain,
Sate deep engraven in his fearfull Heart,
That he nould venture her too near again,
So well him warned had his former Pain:
But ſmiling on the Treachour ſtood aloof,
And caſting forth his vaunting Speeches vain,
Upbraided her with villainous Reproof,
And Slaunder heap'd on Slaunder, as was his Behoof.

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36

So when the wyly Spider has beset
Some gallant Waſp, bedeckt with ſcales of Gold,
Enwrappen in his thinly-woven Net,
The ſtrugling Fly he firmly doth with-hold,
Who ſtill for Freedom plies both fierce and bold:
So that his Foe dares not approche him near,
Though cloſe within the winding Clew enrold,
But from his rankling Sting keeps alway clear,
And at his fluttring Motions trembles aye for Fear.

37.

So *Britomartis*, though in Fetters bound,
That wicked Coward's Courage did affray,
That when her Viſage ſtern ſhe moved round,
His thrilling Heart was fill'd with ſore Dismay:
Yet ſoftly creeping up he did aſſay
His captive Shield from by her ſide to take,
And with light Heels it nimbly bore away
For *Flourdelis* his dearest Ladies ſake,
Whoſe Portraiture thereon the Workman wrought did make.

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38.

Yet not that Lady which beſide him rode
Was *Flourdelis*, but fair *Romania* hight,
Who drew her boaſted Lineage from ſome God,
And deem'd her ſelf greater than mortal Wight:
She many Lovers had of *Paynim* Knight,
But chiefly with Sir *Burbon* choſe to wonne,
Who All aſſayld to kill in bloody Fight,
And Thouſand wretched Mortals had undone,
That would not leave their Loves, and worſhip her alone.

39.

Upon a wanton Mule ſhe proudly ſate,
Clad in white Robes, enfring'd with Crimſon Red:
Gold, Pearls and Diamonds in mighty State,
Her whole Attire did gayly overſpred:
A triple Coronet adorn'd her Head.
And as ſhe paſt in haughty Surquedry,
Like ſome great Queen thus richly garniſhed,
Where-ere ſhe caſt her ſupercilious Eye,
All with low Adoration down on Earth did lye.

40. Faſt

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40.

Fast by her Side there ran a youthful Squire,
Who did with humble Duty on her wait,
Joying he mote her beauteous Form admire;
To whom Sir *Burbon* promised had late
Him to advance to Knighthood's fair Estate:
And now with *Archimago* gan devize,
His vainly fond Ambition to aggrate,
In *Britomartis* Armour to disguize,
Who seem'd his Peer to be in Height and shapely Size.

41.

So gan they soon her Armoury unbrace,
Who lay astound through Force of magick Art,
And on that youthful Squire it tried to place,
Who thereat woxe right blythe and glad in Heart;
Yet nould the Armour fit in any Part:
Which, made for *Angela* the Saxon Queen,
Did only well beseem fair *Britomart*;
Ne ever was, ne ever will, I ween,
Be worn by fairer Wight, sith fairer mayst be seen.

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42.

The Treſſes which adown her ſhoulders fell,
And veild her ſnowy Neck with comely Shade,
Which fineſt golden Wyre did far excell,
By skillfull Art of crafty Goldſmith made,
The Sorcerer ſhore off with *Barbon*'s Blade,
And on his Helmet placed, him to grace:
Romania next with Menacings affayd
To make her idolize her ſtrumpet Face,
And all by turns aggriev'd her in this wretched Caſe.

43.

What iron Breaſt ſo hard that can endure
To work ſuch Spight on Vertuous Innocence?
Or dare to violate, with Hands impure,
A Nymph ſo full of curteous Complacence?
O may the righteous Gods, that recompenſe
With Vengeance due the Guilt of Sinners foul,
Dart Thunder at their Heads of Wrath incenſe!
May flaſhing Clouds with forked Lightning ſcowl,
While *Fiends* and Hell-born *Furies* round the *Miſcreants* howle!

44. But

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44.

But let us leave awhile this Damzell fair,
Detain'd by *Paynim* Foe in bitter Thrall;
And liſten further, while I here declare
How ſhe was freed by Sir *Arthegall*,
Whilom eſpouſed in her Father's Hall:
Sage *Merlin's* cunning Art had thus foreſhown,
Though the true Knight ſhe nere had ſeen at all;
Abſent he in the magick Glaſs was ſhown,
And what the Deſtinies decree ſhall ſure be done.

45.

That ſturdy yron Man bold *Talus* hight,
Whom *Archimago* had affrayed ſo,
With wondrous Speed ſought out this valiant Knight,
Where he was warring againſt *Paynim* Foe,
In Tilt and Giuſt with many a deadly Blow:
Eftſoons to him he told the doleful State
Of *Britomartis* over-whelm'd with Woe;
Wiſhing him ſtrait, ere Tyde might be too late,
To hie with him, and ſnatch her from the Jaws of Fate.

46. Strait

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46.

Strait without Word or Answer forth he hent
Along as trusty *Talus* him did guide,
In Might and matchless Arms right fully bent
To free his Love, and quell the *Paynim's* Pride:
That Wight must needs be one Day glorifide,
Who against lawless Powre and tortious Wrong,
With fierce Avengement gallantly does ride.
Thus *Arthegall*, prickt inly, staid not long
From his Love's Lore; fit Matter for another Song.

F I N I S.

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